



Lud. Du Guernier inv.

C. Du Bose sculp.



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THE
RAPE of the LOCK:
AN
HEROICOMICAL
POEM.

IN FIVE CANTO'S.

Written by Mr. POPE.

*Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos,
Sed juvat hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.*

Martial.

The FIFTH EDITION Corrected.

L O N D O N:

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AN
HERMISTONICAL
P. O. F. M.

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T O

Mrs. *Arabella Fermor.*

M A D A M,

IT will be in vain to deny that I have some Regard for this Piece, since I dedicate it to You. Yet You may bear me Witness, it was intended only to divert a few young Ladies, who have good Sense and good Humour enough to laugh not only at their Sex's little

E P I S T L E.

unguarded Follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the Air of a Secret, it soon found its Way into the World. An imperfect Copy having been offer'd to a Bookseller, You had the Good-Nature for my Sake to consent to the Publication of one more correct: This I was forc'd to before I had executed half my Design, for the Machinery was entirely wanting to compleat it.

The Machinery, Madam, is a Term invented by the Critics, to signify that Part which the Deities, Angels, or Dæmons, are made to act in a Poem: For the ancient Poets are in one respect like many modern Ladies; let an Action be never so trivial in itself, they always make it appear of the utmost

E P I S T L E.

most Importance. These Machines I determin'd to raise on a very new and odd Foundation, the *Rosicrucian* Doctrine of Spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard Words before a Lady; but 'tis so much the Concern of a Poet to have his Works understood, and particularly by Your Sex, that You must give me leave to explain two or three difficult Terms.

The *Rosicrucians* are a People I must bring You acquainted with. The best Account I know of them is in a *French* Book, call'd *Le Comte de Gabalis*, which both in its Title and Size is so like a Novel, that many of the Fair Sex have read it for one by Mistake. According

E P I S T L E.

to these Gentlemen, the four Elements are inhabited by Spirits, which they call *Sylphs*, *Gnomes*, *Nymphs*, and *Salamanders*. The *Gnomes*, or Dæmons of Earth, delight in Mischief; but the *Sylphs*, whose Habitation is in the Air, are the best condition'd Creatures imaginable. For they say, any Mortals may enjoy the most intimate Familiarities with these gentle Spirits, upon a Condition very easy to all true *Adepts*, an inviolate Preservation of Chastity.

As to the following Canto's, all the Passages of them are as Fabulous, as the Vision at the Beginning, or the Transformation at the End; (except the Loss of Your Hair, which I always name with Reverence) the Human Persons are as Fictitious as the
Airy

E P I S T L E.

Airy ones ; and the Character of *Belinda*, as it is now manag'd, resembles You in nothing but in Beauty.

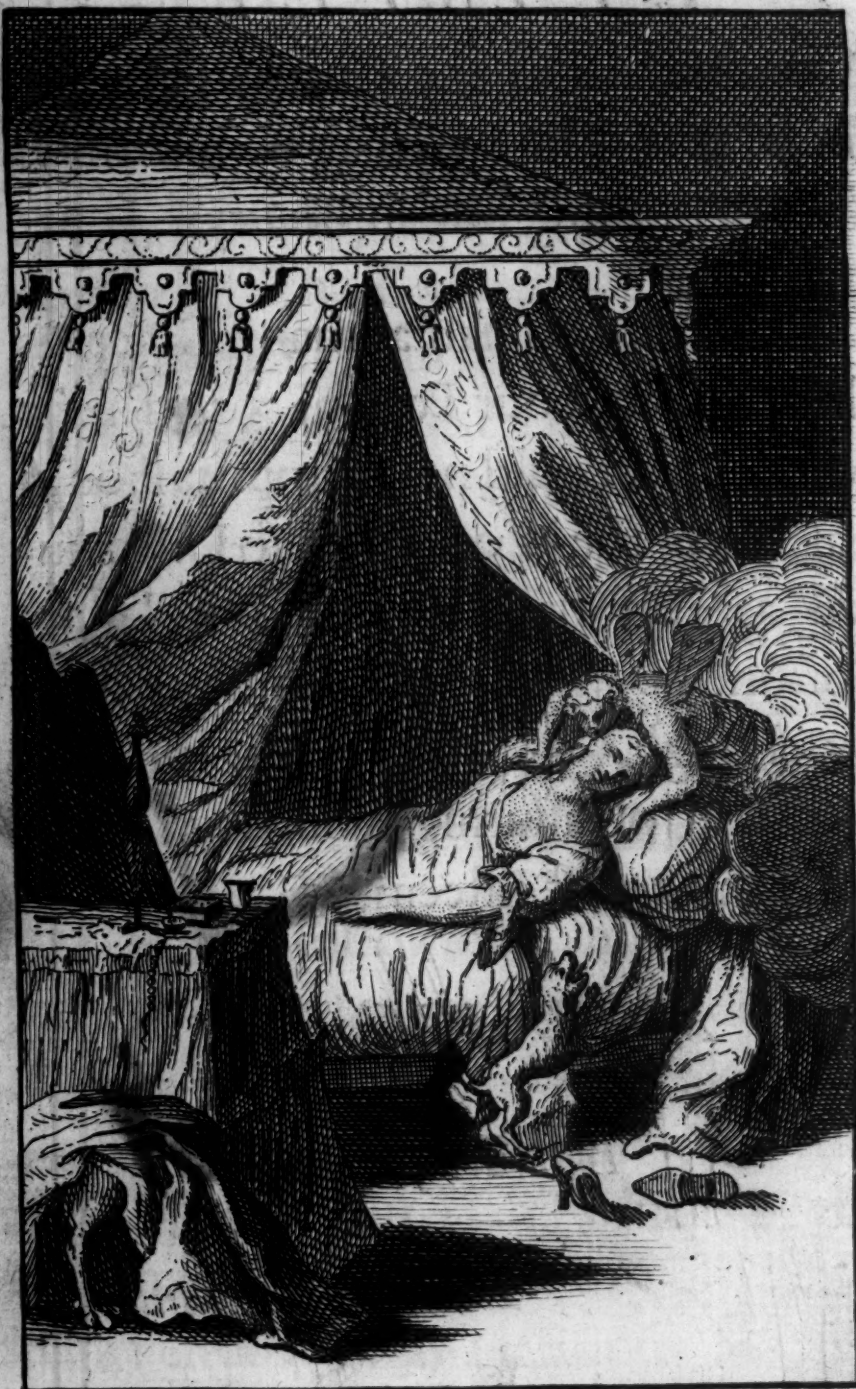
If this Poem had as many Graces as there are in Your Person, or in Your Mind, yet I could never hope it should pass thro' the World half so Uncensured as You have done. But let its Fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this Occasion of assuring You that I am, with the truest Esteem,

M A D A M,

Your Most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

A. POPE.



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THE
RAPE *of the* LOCK.



CANTO I.



HAT dire Offence from am'rous Causes
springs,
What mighty Contests rise from trivial
Things,

I sing———This Verse to C——, Muse! is due:

This, ev'n *Belinda* may vouchsafe to view:

Slight is the Subject, but not so the Praise,

If She inspire, and He approve my Lays.

. Say

2 *The RAPE of the LOCK.* Can. I.

Say what strange Motive, Goddess! cou'd compel
A well-bred Lord t'assault a gentle *Belle*?
Oh say what stranger Cause, yet unexplor'd,
Cou'd make a gentle *Belle* reject a Lord?
And dwells such Rage in softest Bosoms then?
And lodge such daring Souls in Little Men?

Sol thro' white Curtains shot a tim'rous Ray,
And op'd those Eyes that must eclipse the Day;
Now Lapdogs give themselves the rowling shake,
And sleepless Lovers, just at Twelve, awake:
Thrice rung the Bell, the Slipper knock'd the Ground,
And the press'd Watch return'd a silver Sound.
Belinda still her downy Pillow prest,
Her Guardian *Sylph* prolong'd the balmy rest.
'Twas he had summon'd to her silent Bed
The Morning-Dream that hover o'er her Head.
A Youth more glitt'ring than a Birth-night Beau,
(That ev'n in Slumber caus'd her Cheek to glow)

Seem'd

I. Can. I. *The RAPE of the LOCK.* 3

Seem'd to her Ear his winning Lips to lay,
And thus in Whispers said, or seem'd to say.

Fairest of Mortals, thou distinguish'd Care,
Of thousand bright Inhabitants of Air!
If e'er one Vision touch'd thy infant Thought,
Of all the Nurse and all the Priest have taught,
Of airy Elves by Moonlight Shadows seen,
The silver Token, and the Circled Green,
Or Virgins visited by Angel-Pow'rs,
With Golden Crowns, and Wreaths of heavenly [Flow'rs,
Hear and believe! thy own Importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow Views to things below.
Some secret Truths from Learned Pride conceal'd,
To Maids alone and Children are reveal'd:
What tho' no Credit doubting Wits may give?
The Fair and Innocent shall still believe.
Know then, unnumber'd Spirits round thee fly,
The light Militia of the lower Sky;
These, tho' unseen, are ever on the Wing,
Hang o'er the Box, and hover round the Ring:
Think

4 *The RAPE of the LOCK.* Can. I.

Think what an Equipage thou hast in Air,
And view with scorn two Pages and a Chair.
As now your own, our Beings were of old,
And once inclos'd in Woman's beauteous Mold;
Thence by a soft Transition, we repair
From earthly Vehicles to these of Air.
Think not, when Woman's transient Breath is fled,
That all her Vanities at once are dead:
Succeeding Vanities she still regards,
And tho' she plays no more, o'erlooks the Cards,
Her Joy in gilded Chariots, when alive,
And Love of *Ombre*, after Death survive.
For when the Fair in all their Pride expire,
To their first Elements the Souls retire:
The Sprites of fiery Termagants in Flame
Mount up, and take a *Salamander's* Name.
Soft yielding Minds to Water glide away,
And sip with *Nymphs*, their Elemental Tea.
The graver Prude sinks downward to a *Gnome*,
In search of Mischief still on Earth to roam.
The light Coquettes in *Sylphs* aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the Fields of Air.

Know

Know further yet; whoever fair and chaste
 Rejects Mankind, is by some *Sylph* embrac'd:
 For Spirits, freed from mortal Laws, with ease
 Assume what Sexes and what Shapes they please.
 What guards the Purity of melting Maids,
 In Courtly Balls, and Midnight Masquerades,
 Safe from the treach'rous Friend and daring Spark,
 The Glance by Day, the Whisper in the Dark;
 When kind Occasion prompts their warm Desires,
 When Music softens, and when Dancing fires?
 'Tis but their *Sylph*, the wise Celestials know,
 Tho' *Honour* is the Word with Men below.

[Face,

Some Nymphs there are, too conscious of their
 For Life predestin'd to the *Gnomes* Embrace.
 These swell their Prospects and exalt their Pride,
 When Offers are disdain'd, and Love deny'd.
 Then gay Ideas crowd the vacant Brain,
 While Peers and Dukes, and all their sweeping Train;
 And Garters, Stars, and Coronets appear,
 And in soft Sounds, *Your Grace* salutes their Ear.

'Tis

6 *The RAPE of the LOCK.* Can. I.

'Tis these that early taint the Female Soul,
Instruct the Eyes of young Coquettes to roll,
Teach Infants Cheeks a bidden Blush to know,
And little Hearts to flutter at a Beau.

Oft' when the World imagine Women stray,
The *Sylph* thro' mystic Mazes guide their Way,
Thro' all the giddy Circle they pursue,
And old Impertinence expel by new.
What tender Maid but must a Victim fall
To one Man's Treat, but for anothers Ball?
When *Florio* speaks, what Virgin could withstand,
If gentle *Damon* did not squeeze her Hand?
What varying Vanities, from ev'r Part,
They shift the moving Toyshop of their Heart;
Where Wigs with Wigs, with Sword-knots ^{[knots strive,} Sword-
Beaus banish Beaus, and Coaches Coaches drive.
This erring Mortals Levity may call,
Oh blind to Truth! the *Sylphs* contrive it all.

Of these am I, who thy Protection claim,
A watchful Sprite, and *Ariel* is my Name.

Late,

Can. I. *The RAPE of the LOCK.* 7

Late, as I rang'd the Crystal Wilds of Air,
In the clear Mirror of thy ruling Star
I saw, alas! some dread Event impend,
E're to the Main this Morning Sun descend.
But Heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warn'd by thy *Sylph*, Oh pious Maid, beware!
This to disclose is all thy Guardian can.
Beware of all, but most beware of Man!

He said; when *Shock*, who thought she slept too ^{[long,}
Leap'd up, and wak'd his Mistress with his Tongue.
'Twas then, *Belinda*! if Report say true,
Thy Eyes first open'd on a Billet-doux;
Wounds, Charms, and Ardors, were no sooner read,
But all the Vision vanish'd from thy Head.

And now, unveil'd, the Toilet stands display'd,
Each Silver Vase in mystic Order laid.
First, rob'd in White, the Nymph intent adores
With Head uncover'd, the Cosmetic Pow'rs.
A heav'nly Image in the Glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her Eyes she rears;

B

Th' in-

8 *The RAPE of the LOCK.* Can. I.

Th' inferiour Priestess, at her Altar's Side,
 Trembling, begins the sacred Rites of Pride.
 Unnumber'd Treasures ope at once, and here
 The various Off'rings of the World appear;
 From each she nicely culls with curious Toil,
 And Decks the Goddess with the glitt'ring Spoil.
 This Casket *India's* glowing Gems unlocks,
 And all *Arabia* breaths from yonder Box.
 The Tortoise here and Elephant unite,
 Transform'd to Combs, the speckled and the white.
 Here Files of Pins extend their shining Rows,
 Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.
 Now awful Beauty puts on all its Arms;
 The Fair each moment rises in her Charms,
 Repairs her Smiles, awakens ev'ry Grace,
 And calls forth all the Wonders of her Face;
 Sees by Degrees a purer Blush arise,
 And keener Lightnings quicken in her Eyes.
 The busy *Sylphs* surround their darling Care,
 These set the Head, and those divide the Hair,
 Some fold the Sleeve, while others plait the Gown;
 And *Betty's* prais'd for Labours not her own.

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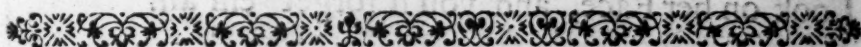


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THE
RAPE *of the* LOCK.



CANTO II.



NOT with more Glories, in th' *Ethereal*
Plain,
The Sun first rises o'er the *purpled*
Main,

Than issuing forth, the Rival of his Beams,
Lanch'd on the Bosom of the *Silver Thames*.
Fair Nymphs, and well-drest Youths around her shone,
But ev'ry Eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her white Breast a sparkling Cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
Her lively Looks a sprightly Mind disclose,
Quick as her Eyes, and as unfix'd as those:

12 *The RAPE of the LOCK.* Can. II.

Favours to none, to all she Smiles extends,
Oft' she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the Sun, her Eyes the Gazers strike,
And, like the Sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful Ease, and Sweetness void of Pride,
Might hide her Faults, if *Belles* had Faults to hide:
If to her share some Female Errors fall,
Look on her Face, and you'll forget 'em all.

 This Nymph, to the Destruction of Mankind,
Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal Curls, and well conspir'd to deck
With shining Ringlets her smooth Iv'ry Neck:
Love in these Labyrinths his Slaves detains,
And mighty Hearts are held in slender Chains.
With hairy Sprindges we the Birds betray,
Slight Lines of Hair surprize the Finny-Prey,
Fair Tresses Man's Imperial Race insnare,
And Beauty draws us with a single Hair.

 Th' Advent'rous *Baron* the bright Locks admir'd,
He saw, he wish'd, and to the Prize aspir'd :

Re-

Can. II. *The RAPE of the LOCK.* 13

Resolv'd to win, he meditates the Way,
By Force to ravish, or by Fraud betray;
For when Success a Lover's Toil attends,
Few ask, if Fraud or Force attain'd his Ends.

For this, e're *Phæbus* rose, he had implor'd
Propitious Heav'n, and ev'ry Pow'r ador'd,
But chiefly Love—— to Love an Altar built,
Of twelve vast *French* Romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three Garters, half a Pair of Gloves;
And all the Trophies of his former Loves.
With tender Billet-doux he lights the Pyre,
And breaths three am'rous Sighs to raise the Fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent Eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the Prize:
The Pow'rs gave Ear, and granted half his Pray'r,
The rest, the Winds dispers'd in empty Air.

But now secure the painted Vessel glides,
The Sun-beams trembling on the floating Tydes,
While melting Music steals upon the Sky,
And soften'd Sounds along the Waters die.

14 *The* RAPE of *the* LOCK. Can. II.

Smooth flow the Waves, the Zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smil'd, and all the World was gay.
All but the *Sylph*—with careful Thoughts oppress'd,
Th' impending Woe fate heavy on his Breast.
He summons strait his Denizens of Air;
The lucid Squadrons round the Sails repair:
Soft o'er the Shrouds Aerial Whispers breath,
That seem'd but Zephyrs to the Train beneath.
Some to the Sun their Insect-Wings unfold,
Waft on the Breeze, or sink in Clouds of Gold.
Transparent Forms, too fine for mortal Sight,
Their fluid Bodies half dissolv'd in Light.
Loose to the Wind their airy Garments flew,
Thin glitt'ring Textures of the filmy Dew;
Dipt in the richest Tincture of the Skies,
Where Light disports in ever-mingling Dies,
While ev'ry Beam new transient Colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their Wings.
Amid the Circle, on the gilded mast,
Superior by the Head, was *Ariel* plac'd;
His purple Pinions opening to the Sun,
He rais'd his azure Wand, and thus begun.

Ye

Can. II. *The RAPE of the LOCK.* 15

Ye *Sylphs* and *Sylphids*, to your Chief give Ear,
Fays, *Fairies*, *Genii*, *Elves*, and *Demons* hear!
Ye know the Spheres and various Tasks assign'd,
By Laws Eternal, to th' Aerial Kind.
Some in the Fields of purest *Æther* play,
And bask and whiten in the Blaze of Day.
Some guide the Course of wandring Orbs on high,
Or roll the Planets thro' the boundless Sky.
Some less refin'd, beneath the Moon's pale Light
Hover, and catch the shooting Stars by Night;
Or suck the Mists in grosser Air below,
Or dip their Pinions in the painted Bow,
Or brew fierce Tempests on the wintry Main,
Or o'er the Glebe distil the kindly Rain.
Others on Earth o'er humane Race preside,
Watch all their Ways, and all their Actions guide:
Of these the Chief the Care of Nations own,
And guard with Arms Divine the *British* Throne.

Our humbler Province is to tend the Fair,
Not a less pleasing, tho' less glorious Care.

To

To save the Powder from too rude a Gale,
 Nor let th' imprison'd Essences exhale,
 To draw fresh Colours from the vernal Flow'rs,
 To steal from Rainbows e're they drop in Show'rs
 A brighter Wash; to curl their waving Hairs,
 Assist their Blushes, and inspire their Airs;
 Nay oft', in Dreams, Invention we bestow,
 To change a Flounce, or add a Furbelo.

This Day, black Omens threat the brightest Fair
 That e'er deserv'd a watchful Spirit's Care;
 Some dire Disaster, or by Force, or Slight;
 But what, or where, the Fates have wrapt in Night.
 Whether the Nymph shall break *Diana's* Law,
 Or some frail *China* Jar receive a Flaw,
 Or stain her Honour, or her new Brocade,
 Forget her Pray'rs, or miss a Masquerade,
 Or lose her Heart, or Necklace, at a Ball;
 Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock must fall.
 Haste then, ye Spirits! to your Charge repair;
 The flutt'ring Fan be *Zephyretta's* Care;

Can. II. The RAPE of the LOCK. 17

The Drops to thee, *Brillante*, we consign;
And, *Momentilla*, let the Watch be thine;
Do thou, *Crispissa*, tend her fav'rite Lock;
Ariel himself shall be the Guard of Shock.

To Fifty chosen *Sylphs*, of special Note,
We trust th'important Charge, the *Petticoat*:
Oft' have we known that sev'nfold Fence to fail,
Tho' stiff with Hoops, and arm'd with Ribs of Whale.
Form a strong Line about the silver Bound,
And guard the wide Circumference around.

Whatever Spirit, careless of his Charge,
His Post neglects, or leaves the Fair at large,
Shall feel sharp Vengeance soon o'ertake his Sins,
Be stopt in Vials, or transfixt with Pins;
Or plung'd in Lakes of bitter Washes lie,
Or wedg'd whole Ages in a Bodkin's Eye:
Gums and Pomatums shall his Flight restrain,
While clogg'd he beats his filken Wings in vain;
Or Alum-stypticks with contracting Pow'r
Shrink his thin Essence like a rivell'd Flow'r:

Or

18 *The RAPE of the LOCK.* Can. II.

Or as *Ixion* fix'd, the Wretch shall feel
The giddy Motion of the whirling Mill,
In Fumes of burning Chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the Sea that froaths below!

He spoke; the Spirits from the Sails descend;
Some, Orb in Orb, around the Nymph extend,
Some thrid the mazy Ringlets of her Hair,
Some hang upon the Pendants of her Ear;
With beating Hearts the dire Event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the Birth of Fate.



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THE
RAPE of the LOCK.



CANTO III.



LOSE by those Meads, for ever crown'd
with Flow'rs,

Where *Thames* with Pride surveys his
rising Tow'rs,

There stands a Structure of Majestic Frame,
Which from the neighb'ring *Hampton* takes its Name.
Here *Britain's* Statesmen oft' the Fall foredoom
Of Foreign Tyrants, and of Nymphs at home;
Here Thou, Great *Anna!* whom three Realms obey,
Dost sometimes Counsel take — and sometimes Tea.

Hither

Hither the Heroes and the Nymphs resort,
 To taste a while the Pleasures of a Court;
 In various Talk th' instructive Hours they pass,
 Who gave the Ball, or paid the Visit last:
 One speaks the Glory of the *British* Queen,
 And one describes a charming *Indian* Screen;
 A third interprets Motions, Looks, and Eyes;
 At ev'ry Word a Reputation dies.
 Snuff, or the Fan, supply each Pause of Chat,
 With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Mean while declining from the Noon of Day,
 The Sun obliquely shoots his burning Ray;
 The hungry Judges soon the Sentence sign,
 And Wretches hang that Jury-men may dine;
 The Merchant from th' *Exchange* returns in Peace,
 And the long Labours of the Toilet cease——
Belinda now, whom Thirst of Fame invites,
 Burns to encounter Two advent'rous Knights,
 At *Ombre* singly to decide their Doom;
 And swells her Breast with Conquests yet to come.

Strait

Can. III. *The* RAPE of *the* LOCK. 23

Strait the three Bands prepare in Arms to join,
Each Band the Number of the Sacred Nine.
Soon as she spreads her Hand, th' Aerial Guard
Descend, and sit on each important Card :
First *Ariel* perch'd upon a Matadore,
Then each, according to the Rank they bore;
For *Sylphs*, yet mindful of their ancient Race,
Are, as when Women, wond'rous fond of Place.

Behold, four Kings in Majesty rever'd,
With hoary Whiskers and a forky Beard :
And four fair Queens whose Hands sustain a Flow'r,
Th' expressive Emblem of their softer Pow'r;
Four Knaves in Garbs succinct, a trusty Band,
Caps on their Heads, and Halberds in their Hand;
And particolour'd Troops, a shining Train,
Draw forth to Combat on the Velvet Plain.

The skilful Nymph reviews her Force with Care ;
Let Spades be Trumps, she said, and Trumps they were.

24 *The RAPE of the LOCK.* Can. III.

Now move to War her Sable Matadores,
In Show like Leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillio first, unconquerable Lord!
Led off two captive Trumps, and swept the Board.
As many more *Manillio* forc'd to yield,
And march'd a Victor from the verdant Field.
Him *Basto* follow'd, but his Fate more hard,
Gain'd but one Trump and one *Plebeian* Card.
With his broad Sabre next, a Chief in Years,
The hoary Majesty of Spades appears;
Puts forth one manly Leg, to fight reveal'd;
The rest his many-colour'd Robe conceal'd.
The Rebel-Knave, who dares his Prince engage,
Proves the just Victim of his Royal Rage.
Ev'n mighty *Pam* that Kings and Queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down Armies in the Fights of *Lu*,
Sad Chance of War! now, destitute of Aid,
Falls undistinguish'd by the Victor Spade!

Thus far both Armies to *Belinda* yield;
Now to the Baron Fate inclines the Field.

His

Can. III. *The RAPE of the LOCK.* 25

His warlike *Amazon* her Host invades,
Th' imperial Consort of the Crown of Spades.
The Club's black Tyrant first her Victim dy'd,
Spite of his haughty Mien, and barb'rous Pride:
What boots the Regal Circle on his Head,
His Giant Limbs, in State unwieldly spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous Robe,
And of all Monarchs only grasps the Globe?

The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
Th' embroider'd King who shows but half his Face,
And his refulgent Queen, with Pow'rs combin'd,
Of broken Troops an easy Conquest find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild Disorder seen,
With Throngs promiscuous strow the level Green.
Thus when dispers'd a routed Army runs,
Of *Asia's* Troops, and *Afric's* Sable Sons,
With like Confusion different Nations fly,
In various Habits and of various Dye,
The pierc'd Battalions dis-united fall,
In Heaps on Heaps; one Fate o'erwhelms them all.

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily Arts,
 And wins (oh shameful Chance!) the Queen of Hearts.
 At this, the Blood the Virgin's Cheek forfook,
 A livid Paleness spreads o'er all her Look;
 She fees, and trembles at th' approaching Ill,
 Just in the Jaws of Ruin, and *Codille*.

And now, (as oft' in some distemper'd State)
 On one nice Trick depends the gen'ral Fate.
 An Ace of Hearts steps forth: The King unseen
 Lurk'd in her Hand, and mourn'd his Captive Queen:
 He springs to Vengeance with an eager Pace,
 And falls like Thunder on the prostrate Ace.
 The Nymph exulting fills with Shouts the Sky,
 The Walls, the Woods, and long Canals reply.

Oh thoughtless Mortals! ever blind to Fate,
 Too soon dejected, and too soon elate!
 Sudden these Honours shall be snatch'd away,
 And curs'd for ever this victorious Day.

For lo! the Board with Cups and Spoons is crown'd,
 The Berries crackle, and the Mill turns round:

On

Can. III. *The RAPE of the LOCK.* 27

On shining Altars of *Japan* they raise
The silver Lamp; and fiery Spirits blaze:
From silver Spouts the grateful Liquors glide,
And *China's* Earth receives the smoking Tide.
At once they gratify their Scent and Taste,
While frequent Cups prolong the rich Repaste.
Strait hover round the Fair her Airy Band;
Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming Liquor fann'd.
Some o'er her Lap their careful Plumes display'd,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich Brocade.
Coffee, (which makes the Politician wise,
And see thro' all Things with his half-shut Eyes)
Sent up in Vapours to the Baron's Brain,
New Stratagems the radiant Lock to gain.
Ah cease, rash Youth! desist e'er 'tis too late;
Fear the just Gods, and think of * *Scylla's* Fate!
Chang'd to a Bird, and sent to flit in Air,
She dearly pays for *Nisus'* injur'd Hair!

But when to Mischief Mortals bend their Will,
How soon they find fit Instruments of Ill?

* *Vide* Ovid. *Metam.* 8.

Just then, *Clarissa* drew with tempting Grace,
 A two-edg'd Weapon from her shining Case ;
 So Ladies in Romance assist their Knight,
 Present their Spear, and arm him for the Fight.
 He takes the Gift with Rev'rence, and extends
 The little Engine on his Finger's Ends:
 This just behind *Belinda's* Neck he spread,
 As o'er the fragrant Steams she bends her Head.
 Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprights repair,
 A thousand Wings by turns, blow back her Hair ;
 And thrice they twich'd the Diamond in the Ear ;
 Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the Foe drew near.
 Just in that instant, anxious *Ariel* sought
 The close Recesses of the Virgin's Thought ;
 As on the Nofegay in her Breast reclin'd,
 He watch'd th' Ideas rising in her Mind,
 Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her Art,
 An Earthly Lover lurking at her Heart.
 Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his Pow'r expir'd,
 Resign'd to Fate, and with a Sigh retir'd.

Can. III. *The RAPE of the LOCK.* 29

The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring *Forfex* wide,
T'inclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal Engine clos'd,
A wretched *Sylph* too fondly interpos'd;
Fate urg'd the Sheers, and cut the *Sylph* in twain,
(* But Airy Substance soon unites again)*
The meeting Points the sacred Hair dis sever
From the fair Head, for ever, and for ever!

Then flash'd the living Lightnings from her Eyes,
And Screams of Horror rend th' affrighted Skies.
Not louder Shrieks to pitying Heav'n are cast,
When Husbands, or when Lapdogs breath their last;
Or when rich *China* Vessels, fall'n from high,
In glittering Dust, and painted Fragments lie!

Let Wreaths of Triumph now my Temples twine,
(The Victor cry'd) the glorious Prize is mine!
While Fish in Streams, or Birds delight in Air,
Or in a Coach and Six, the *British* Fair,

* See Milton, lib. 6. of *Satan cut asunder by the Angel Michael.*

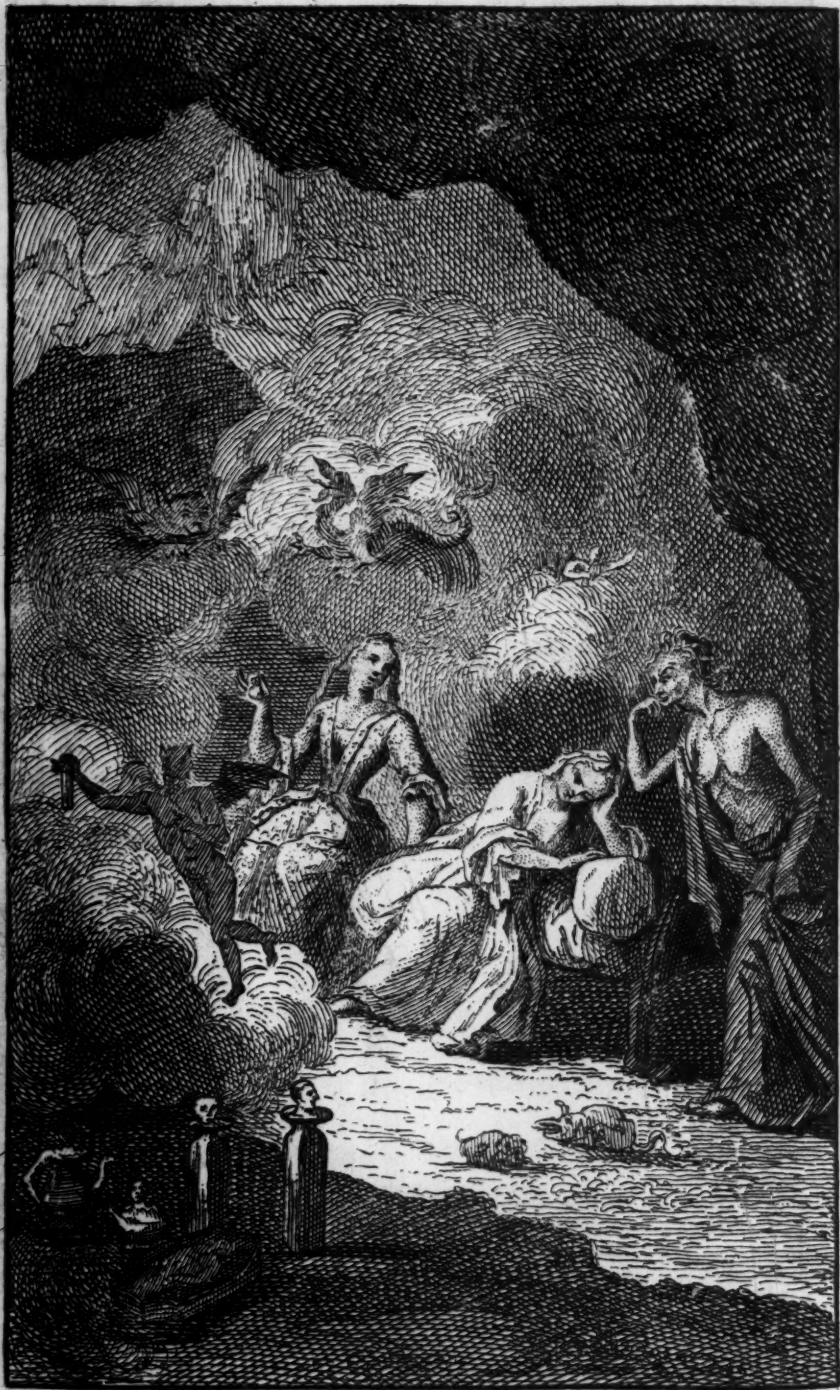
30 *The* RAPE of *the* LOCK. Can. III.

As long as *Atalantis* shall be read,
Or the small Pillow grace a Lady's Bed,
While Visits shall be paid on solemn Days,
When num'rous Wax-lights in bright Order blaze,
While Nymphs take Treats, or Assignations give,
So long my Honour, Name, and Praise shall live!

What Time wou'd spare, from Steel receives its Date,
And Monuments, like Men, submit to Fate!
Steel could the Labour of the Gods destroy,
And strike to Dust th' Imperial Tow'rs of *Troy*;
Steel cou'd the Works of mortal Pride confound,
And hew Triumphal Arches to the Ground.
What Wonder then, fair Nymph! thy Hairs shou'd feel
The conqu'ring Force of unresisted Steel?



T H E

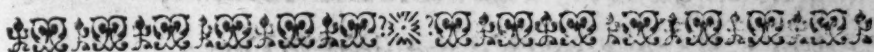


Lud. Du Guernier inv.

C. Du Bosc sculp.



T H E
R A P E of *the* L O C K.



C A N T O IV.



UT anxious Cares the pensive Nymph
 opprest,
 And secret Passions labour'd in her
 Breast.

Not youthful Kings in Battle seiz'd alive,
 Not scornful Virgins who their Charms survive,
 Not ardent Lovers robb'd of all their Bliss,
 Not ancient Ladies when refus'd a Kiss,
 Not Tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
 Not *Cynthia* when her Manteau's pinn'd awry,
 E'er felt such Rage, Resentment and Despair,
 As thou, sad Virgin! for thy ravish'd Hair.

For

For, that sad moment, when the *Sylphs* withdrew,
 And *Ariel* weeping from *Belinda* flew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy Sprite,
 As ever sully'd the fair Face of Light,
 Down to the Central Earth, his proper Scene,
 Repairs to search the gloomy Cave of *Spleen*.

Swift on his footy Pinions flits the *Gnome*,
 And in a Vapour reach'd the dismal Dome.
 No chearful Breeze this fullen Region knows,
 The dreadful East is all the Wind that blows.
 Here, in a Grotto, sheltred close from Air,
 And screen'd in Shades from Day's detested Glare,
 She sighs for ever on her pensive Bed,
Pain at her Side, and *Megrim* at her Head.

Two Handmaids wait the Throne: Alike in Place,
 But diff'ring far in Figure and in Face.
 Here stood *Ill-nature* like an ancient Maid,
 Her wrinkled Form in Black and White array'd;

With

Can. IV. *The RAPE of the LOCK.* 35

With store of Pray'rs, for Mornings, Nights, and
Noons,

Her Hand is fill'd; her Bosom with Lampoons.

There *Affectation*, with a sickly Mien,
Shows in her Cheek the Roses of Eighteen,
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the Head aside,
Faints into Airs, and languishes with Pride;
On the rich Quilt, sinks with becoming Woe,
Wrapt in a Gown, for Sickness, and for Show.
The Fair ones feel such Maladies as these,
When each new Night-dress gives a new Disease.

A constant Vapour o'er the Palace flies;
Strange Phantoms rising as the Mists arise;
Dreadful, as Hermit's Dreams on haunted Shades,
Or bright, as Visions of expiring Maids.
Now glaring Fiends, and Snakes on rolling Spires,
Pale Spectres, gaping Tombs, and purple Fires:
Now Lakes of liquid Gold, *Elysian* Scenes,
And Crystal Domes, and Angels in Machines.

36 *The RAPE of the LOCK.* Can. IV.

Unnumber'd Throngs on ev'ry side are seen,
Of Bodies chang'd to various Forms by Spleen.
Here living Tea-pots stand, one Arm held out,
One bent; the Handle this, and that the Spout:
A Pipkin there like * *Homer's* Tripod walks;
Here sighs a Jar, and there a Goose-pye talks;
Men prove with Child, as pow'rful Fancy works,
And Maids turn'd Bottels, call aloud for Corks.

Safe past the *Gnome* thro' this fantastic Band,
A Branch of healing Spleenwort in his Hand.
Then thus address the Pow'r—Hail wayward Queen!
Who rule the Sex to Fifty from Fifteen:
Parent of Vapours and of Female Wit,
Who give th' Hysteric or Poetic Fit,
On various Tempers act by various Ways,
Make some take Physic, others scribble Plays;
Who cause the Proud their Visits to delay,
And send the Godly in a Pett, to pray.
A Nymph there is, that all thy Pow'r disdain's,
And thousands more in equal Mirth maintains.

* See Hom. *Iliad* 18. of Vulcan's walking Tripods.

Can. IV. *The RAPE of the LOCK.* 37

But oh! if e'er thy *Gnome* could spoil a Grace,
Or raise a Pimple on a beauteous Face;
Like Citron-Waters Matrons Cheeks inflame,
Or change Complexions at a losing Game;
If e'er with airy Horns I planted Heads,
Or rumpled Petticoats, or tumbled Beds,
Or caus'd Suspicion when no Soul was rude,
Or discompos'd the Head-dress of a Prude,
Or e'er to costive Lapdog gave Disease,
Which not the Tears of brightest Eyes could ease:
Hear me, and touch *Belinda* with Chagrin;
That single Act gives half the World the Spleen.

The Goddess with a discontented Air,
Seems to reject him, tho' she grants his Pray'r.
A wond'rous Bag with both her Hands she binds,
Like that where once *Ulysses* held the Winds;
There she collects the Force of Female Lungs,
Sighs, Sobs, and Passions, and the War of Tongues.
A Vial next she fills with fainting Fears,
Soft Sorrows, melting Griefs, and flowing Tears.

The

38 *The RAPE of the LOCK.* Can. IV.

The *Gnome* rejoicing bears her Gift away,
Spreads his black Wings, and slowly mounts to Day.

Sunk in *Thalestris*' Arms the Nymph he found,
Her Eyes dejected and her Hair unbound.
Full o'er their Heads the swelling Bag he rent,
And all the Furies issued at the Vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal Ire,
And fierce *Thalestris* fans the rising Fire.
O wretched Maid! she spread her Hands, and cry'd,
(While *Hampton's* Ecchos, wretched Maid reply'd)
Was it for this you took such constant Care,
The Bodkin, Comb, and Essence to prepare?
For this your Locks in Paper-Durance bound,
For this with tort'ring Irons wreath'd around?
For this with Fillets strain'd your tender Head,
And bravely bore the double Loads of Lead?
Gods! shall the Ravisher display your Hair,
While the Fops envy, and the Ladies stare!
Honour forbid! at whose unrival'd Shrine,
Ease, Pleasure, Virtue, All, our Sex resign.

Me-

Can. IV. *The RAPE of the LOCK.* 39

Methinks already I your Tears survey,
Already hear the horrid Things they say,
Already see you a degraded Toast,
And all your Honour in a Whisper lost!
How shall I, then, your helpless Fame defend?
'Twill then be Infamy to seem your Friend!
And shall this Prize, th' inestimable Prize,
Expos'd thro' Crystal to the gazing Eyes,
And heighten'd by the Diamond's circling Rays,
On that rapacious Hand for ever blaze?
Sooner shall Grass in *Hide-Park Circus* grow,
And Wits take Lodgings in the Sound of *Bow*;
Sooner let Earth, Air, Sea, to *Chaos* fall,
Men, Monkies, Lapdogs, Parrots, perish all!

She said; then raging to Sir *Plume* repairs,
And bids her Beau demand the precious Hairs:
(Sir *Plume*, of Amber Snuff-Box justly vain,
And the nice Conduct of a Clouded Cane)
With earnest Eyes, and round unthinking Face,
He first the Snuff-Box open'd, then the Case,

D

And

And thus broke out—“ My Lord, why, what the Devil?

“ Z—ds! damn the Lock! ’fore Gad, you must be civil!

“ Plague on’t! ’tis past a Jest—nay, prithee, Pox?

“ Give her the Hair—he spoke, and rapp’d his Box.

It grieves me much (reply’d the Peer again)
Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain.
But * by this Lock, this sacred Lock I swear,
(Which never more shall join its parted Hair;
Which never more its Honours shall renew,
Clip’d from the lovely Head where late it grew)
That while my Nostrils draw the vital Air,
This Hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.
He spoke, in speaking, in proud Triumph spread
The long-contended Honours of her Head.

But *Umbriel*, hateful *Gnome*! forbears not so;
He breaks the Viol whence the Sorrow flow.
Then see! the Nymph in beauteous Grief appears,
Her Eyes half languishing, half drown’d in Tears,

* *In allusion to Achilles's Oath in Homer, Il. 1.*

Can. IV. *The RAPE of the LOCK.* 41

On her heav'd Bosom hung her drooping Head,
Which, with a Sigh, she rais'd; and thus she said.

For ever curs'd be this detested Day,
Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite Curl away!
Happy! ah ten Times happy, had I been,
If *Hampton-Court* these Eyes had never seen!
Yet am not I the first mistaken Maid,
By Love of Courts to num'rous Ills betray'd.
Oh had I rather un-admir'd remain'd
In some lone Isle, or distant *Northern* Land;
Where the gilt Chariot never marks the Way,
Where none learn *Ombre*, none e'er taste *Bohea*!
There kept my Charms conceal'd from mortal Eye,
Like Roses that in Desarts bloom and die.
What mov'd my Mind with youthful Lord to come?
O had I stay'd, and said my Pray'rs at Home!
'Twas this, the Morning Omens seem'd to tell;
Thrice from my trembling Hand the Patch-Box fell;
The tort'ring China shook without a Wind,
Nay, *Poll* fate mute, and *Shock* was most unkind!

42 *The RAPE of the LOCK.* Can. IV.

A *Sylph* too warn'd me of the Threats of Fate,
In mystic Visions, now believ'd too late!
See the poor Remnants of this slighted Hairs!
My Hands shall rend what ev'n thy Rapine spares:
These, in two sable Ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new Beauties to the snowy Neck;
The Sister-Lock now sits uncouth alone,
And in its Fellow's Fate foresees its own;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal Sheers demands;
And tempts once more thy sacrilegious Hands.
Oh hadst thou, Cruel! been content to seize
Hairs less in Sight, or any Hairs but these!



THE



Lud. Du Guernier inv.

C. Du Bose sculp.



THE
RAPE of the LOCK.



CANTO V.



HE said : The pitying Audience melt
in Tears.

But Fate and *Jove*, had stopp'd the
Baron's Ears.

In vain *Thalestris* with Reproach assails,
For who can move when fair *Belinda* fails;
Not half so fix'd the *Trojan* cou'd remain;
While *Anna* begg'd, and *Dido* rag'd in vain.

46 *The RAPE of the LOCK.* Can. V.

Then grave *Clarissa* graceful wav'd her Fan;
Silence ensu'd, and thus the Nymph began.

Say, why are Beauties prais'd and honour'd most,
The wise Man's Passion, and the vain Man's Toast?
Why deck'd with all that Land and Sea afford,
Why Angels call'd, and Angel-like ador'd?
Why round our Coaches crowd the white glov'd
Beaus,

Why bows the Side-box from its inmost Rows?
How vain are all these Glories, all our Pains,
Unless good Sense preserve what Beauty gains:
That Men may say, when we the Front-box grace,
Behold the first in Virtue, as in Face!
Oh! if to dance all Night, and dress all Day,
Charm'd the Small-pox, or chas'd old Age away;
Who would not scorn what Hufwife's Cares produce,
Or who would learn on earthly Thing of Use?
To patch, nay ogle, might become a Saint,
Nor could it sure be such a Sin to paint.
But since, alas! frail Beauty must decay,
Curl'd or uncurl'd, since Locks will turn to grey,

Since

Can. V. *The RAPE of the LOCK.* 47

Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scorns a Man, must die a Maid;
What then remains, but well our Pow'r to use,
And keep good Humour still whate'er we lose?
And trust me, Dear! good Humour can prevail,
When Airs, and Flights, and Screams, and Scolding ^[fail]
Beauties in vain, their pretty Eyes may roll;
Charms strike the Sight, but Merit wins the Soul.

So spoke the Dame, but no Applause ensu'd;
Belinda frown'd, *Thalestris* call'd her Prude.
To Arms, to Arms! the fierce Virago cries,
And swift as Lightning to the Combate flies,
All side in Parties, and begin th' Attack;
Fans clap, Silks ruffle, and tough Whalebones crack;
Heroes and Heroins Shouts confus'dly rise,
And base, and treble Voices strike the Skies.
No common Weapons in their Hands are found,
Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal Wound.

48 *The RAPE of the LOCK.* Can. V.

* So when bold *Homer* makes the Gods engage,
 And heav'nly Breasts with human Passions rage;
 'Gainst *Pallas*, *Mars*; *Latona*, *Hermes* Arms;
 And all *Olympus* rings with loud Alarms.
Jove's Thunder roars, Heav'n trembles all around;
 Blue *Neptune* storms, the bellowing Deeps resound;
 Earth shakes her nodding Tow'rs, the Ground gives
 Way,
 And the pale Ghosts start at the Flash of Day!

Triumphant *Umbriel* on a Sconce's Height
 Clap'd his glad Wings, and fate to view the Fight;
 Prop'd on their Bodkin Spears, the Sprite survey
 The growing Combat, or assist the Fray.

While thro' the Press enrag'd *Thalestris* flies,
 And scatters Deaths around from both her Eyes,
 A Beau and Whitling perish'd in the Throng,
 One dy'd in Metaphor, and one in Song.
 O cruel Nymph! a living Death I bear,
 Cry'd *Dapperwit*, and sunk beside his Chair.

* *Homer*, *Il.* 20.

Can. V. *The RAPE of the LOCK.* 49

A mournful Glance Sir *Fopling* upwards cast,

* Those Eyes are made so killing——was his last:

Thus on *Meander's* flow'ry Margin lies

Th' expiring *Swan*, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir *Plume* had drawn *Clarissa* down,

Chloe step'd in, and kill'd him with a Frown;

She smil'd to see the doughty Hero slain,

But at her Smile, the Beau reviv'd again.

† Now *Jove* suspends his golden Scales in Air,

Weighs the Mens Wits against the Lady's Hair;

The doubtful Beam long nods from side to side;

At length the Wits mount up, the Hairs subside.

See fierce *Belinda* on the Baron flies,

With more than usual Lightning in her Eyes:

Nor fear'd the Chief th' unequal Fight to try,

Who fought no more than on his Foe to die.

* *A Song in the Opera of Camilla.*

† *Vid. Homer, Il. 8. & Virg. Æn. 12.*

50 *The RAPE of the LOCK.* Can. V.

But this bold Lord with manly Strength endu'd,
She with one Finger and a Thumb subdu'd :
Just where the Breath of Life his Nostrils drew,
A Charge of Snuff the wily Virgin threw ;
The *Gnomes* direct, to ev'ry Atome just,
The pungent Grains of titillating Dust.
Sudden, with starting Tears each Eye o'erflows,
And the high Dome re-ecchoes to his Nose.

Now meet thy Fate, incens'd *Belinda* cry'd,
And drew a deadly Bodkin from her Side.
(* The same, his ancient Personage to deck,
Her great great Grandfire wore about his Neck
In three Seal-Rings; which after, melted down,
Form'd a vast Buckle for his Widow's Gown :
Her infant Grandame's Whistle next it grew,
The Bells she gingled, and the Whistle blew;
Then in a Bodkin grac'd her Mother's Hairs,
Which long she wore, and now *Belinda* wears.)

* In Imitation of the Progress of Agamemnon's Sceptre in
Homer, Il. 2.

Can. V. *The RAPE of the LOCK.* 51

Boast not my Fall (he cry'd) insulting Foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.
Not think, to die dejects my lofty Mind:
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
And turn in *Cupid's* Flames,—but burn alive.

Restore the Lock! she cries; and all around
Restore the Lock! the vaulted Roofs rebound.
Not fierce *Othello* in so loud a Strain,
Roar'd for the Handkerchief that caus'd his Pain.
But see how oft' ambitious Aims are cross'd,
And Chiefs contend 'till all the Prize is lost!
The Lock, obtain'd with Guilt, and kept with Pain,
In ev'ry Place is sought, but sought in vain:
With such a Prize no Mortal must be blest,
So Heav'n decrees! with Heav'n who can contest?

Some thought it mounted to the Luna Sphere,
* Since all Things lost on Earth are treasur'd there.

* *Vid. Ariosto. Canto. 34.*

There Hero's Wits are kept in pond'rous Vases,
 And Beau's in Snuff-Boxes and Tweezers-Cases.
 There broken Vows, and Death-bed Alms are found;
 And Lover's Hearts with Ends of Riband bound;
 The Courtier's Promises, and Sick Man's Pray'rs,
 The Smiles of Harlots, and the Tears of Heirs,
 Cages for Gnats, and Chains to yoke a Flea;
 Dry'd Butterflies, and Tomes of Casuistry.

But trust the Muse——she saw it upward rise,
 Tho' mark'd by none but quick, Poetic Eyes :
 (So *Rome's* great Founder to the Heav'ns withdrew,
 To *Proculus* alone confess'd in View)
 A sudden Star, it shot thro' liquid Air,
 And drew behind a radiant Trail of Hair.
 Not *Berenice's* Locks first rose so bright,
 The Heav'ns bespangling with dishevel'd Light,
 The *Sylphs* behold it kindling as it flies,
 And pleas'd pursue its Progress thro' the Skies.

This the *Beau-monde* shall from the Mall survey,
 And hail with Music its propitious Ray.

This,

Can. V. *The RAPE of the LOCK.* 53

This, the blest Lover shall for *Venus* take,
And send up Vows from *Rosamonda's* Lake.
This *Partridge* soon shall view in cloudless Skies,
When next he looks thro' *Gallillæo's* Eyes;
And hence th' Egregious Wizard shall foredoom
The Fate of *Louis*, and the Fall of *Rome*.

[Hair,
Then cease, bright Nymph! to mourn the ravish'd
Which adds new Glory to the shining Sphere!
Not all the Tresses that fair Head can boast,
Shall draw such Envy as the Lock you lost.
For, after all the Murders of your Eye,
When, after Millions slain, yourself shall die;
When those fair Suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those Tresses shall be laid in Dust;
This Lock, the Muse shall consecrate to Fame,
And 'midst the Stars inscribe *Belinda's* Name!

F I N I S.



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